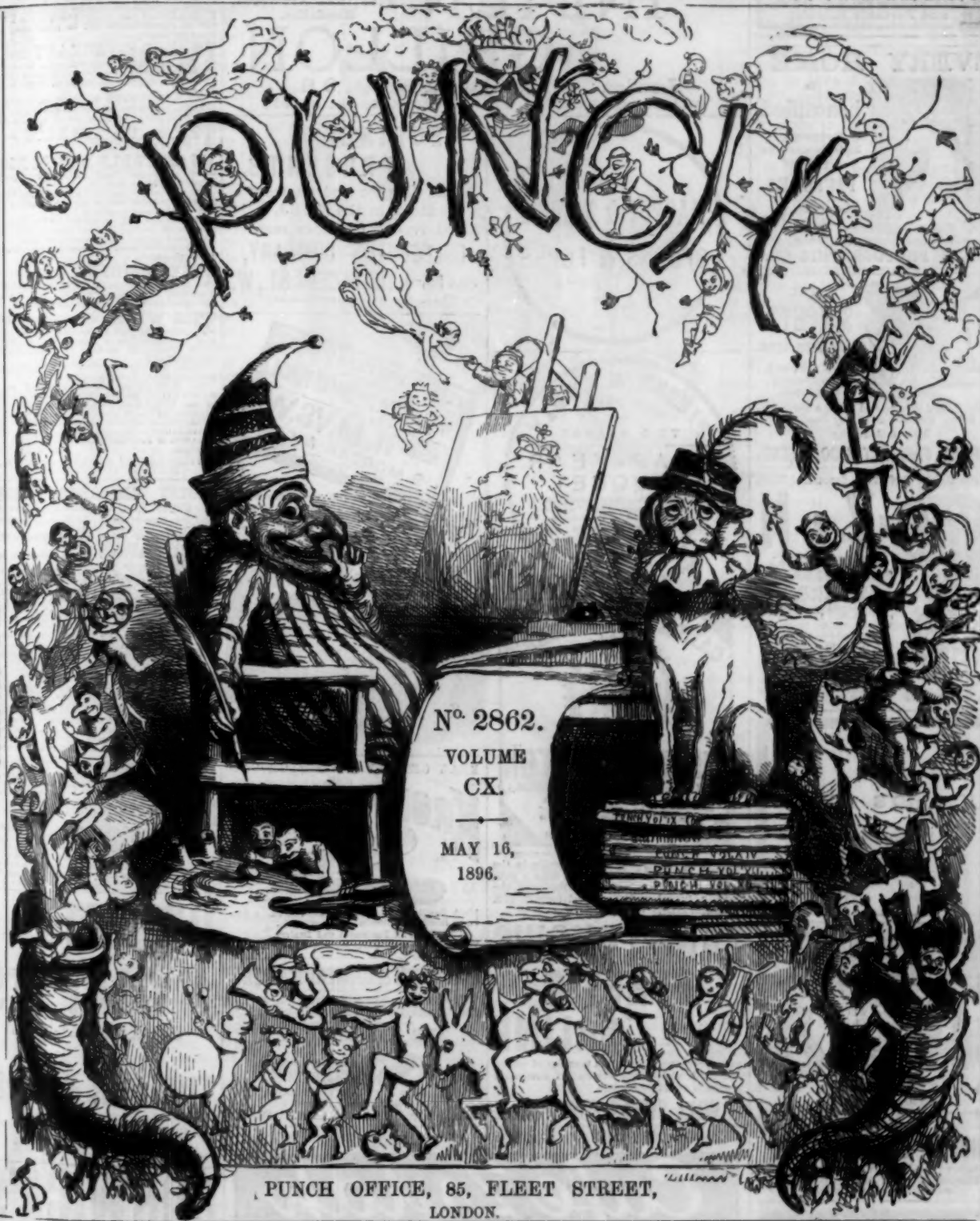


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OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The *Yellow Book* has reached its ninth volume, and appears in the merry, merry spring-time with a new front cover and title-page by Mrs. PERCY DREAMER; which name I would re-write "Mrs. Per se DREAMER," for the designs are of that grotesque, fantastic stuff that dreams are made of. Inability to admire them is my loss—somehow. E. H. New's "Stanstead Abbots" is delightful. We know that typical old-fashioned village, be it called by any other name. Mr. J. E. Southall's "Night" (dated 1894) is as hard in drawing as it is to understand. Why should a female with classically bound hair and white classic drapery, surrounded by signs of the zodiac, all white on a grey ground, be the representative of "Night"? Unless the artist intended us to understand that, though he was showing a drawing light-tinted, he was yet "keeping it dark."

"Oh where are the pipes of Pan?" asks Mr. RICHARD LE GALLIENNE, in his "Four Prose Fancies." At certain corners of certain streets, at certain times, Mr. LE GALLIENNE may hear the pipes of Pan with drum accompaniment, and may witness the performance of the immortal drama of Signor PUNCHINELLO and his GIULIA translated into right good English of the "Stratford-atte-Bow kind." Then shall RICHARD (LE GALLIENNE) be himself again, and, returning to his home, shall he write, in his own inimitable style, the true story of Punch and Judy.

What has the Baron to say of *The Savoy*—no, beg pardon, *The Savoy*—No. 2, for April, edited by ARTHUR SIMONS, and illustrated by one AUBREY BEARDSLEY—WHEEDSLEY? Wonderful—most wonderful! "But as it takes my breath away," says the Baron, "and paralyzes my writing hand, I am compelled to reserve my criticism."

No wise collector will fail to secure for his library Mr. TURNER's most complete, exhaustive, and exhausting *History of the*



"OH, DID YOU SEE A GENTLEMAN ON A BICYCLE AS YOU CAME UP?"
"NO; BUT I SAW A MAN SITTING AT THE BOTTOM OF THE HILL MENDING AN OLD UMBRELLA!"



Horn-book, in two volumes, *édition de luxe*. The account is most interesting, illustrating history, and bringing the reader in touch with the new-born yearning for "something popular to read," and for that craving for news of the day which has been developing in England since the fourteenth century, and is not likely to be satisfied until centuries themselves have passed out of all record of time. "To a hint in *Punch*," says Mr. TURNER in a prefatorial note, "are due the real horn-books, &c., stowed away in the cover of this work."

Mr. *Punch* is delighted to have been thus taken at his word, and hereby heartily congratulates Mr. TURNER on the highly satisfactory result of his labour as exhibited in the present volumes issued by the Leadenhall Press.

THE BARON.

"LADBY" REFLECT!—Mr. LABOUCHE, M.P., desires that the Chartered South African Company should have no more power than that possessed by a Tyre Wheel Association, and he also insists on the extinction of RHODES. Now of what possible use would a bicycle enterprise be without roads?

HIGHLY PROBABLE.—There is a strong monarchical and imperial feeling against bicyclists. It is not unlikely that from the Most Exalted Quarter will be issued a manifesto denouncing all practical bicyclists, without exception, as causing so many revolutions.

WHY BAR ANY?—Mr. DUNCOMBE, M.P., is introducing a Barmaid's Bill to the House of Commons. Without any trouble he could also collect a Barmaid's DICK, TOM, HARRY, JIM, BOB, TED, and even PERCY. Specimens on view all over the country.

PARADOXICAL.—There were no fireworks during the North Aberdonian election contest; yet the result was, in the main, due to Pirie-technics.

CHARITY COVERS A MULTITUDE OF CUPIDS.

SCENE—A Conservatory. TIME—The Ball in Aid of the Disabled Dustmen at the commencement of the London season. EDWIN and ANGELINA discovered in earnest conversation.

Angelina (softly). It is so sudden! I really cannot give an answer now.

Edwin (with fervour). But this is the only opportunity we have for discussion, unless by some lucky chance you and your people are going to the theatricals for the Octogenarian Organ Grinders.

Angelina (reluctantly). Yes, we shall be there. But then at an amateur performance it is so difficult to be confidential.

Edwin. I understand you. Well, then, shall we not meet at the dance organised for the assistance of the Convalescent Charwomen?

Angelina. I suppose so. We go year after year. But I should rather have a little more time. You are so impatient.

Edwin (earnestly). Yes, for my fate depends upon your reply. Well, then, there is the Bercaved Basket Makers on Tuesday week.

Angelina. Yes, but again we may be disturbed; and it is possible we may not come. Papa says the charity was exposed in *Veracity*.

Edwin. Well, are you going to the "At Home" of the Poor Piano Players?

Angelina. Again, I fear, we shall not. The benefaction was exposed, so my father told me, in that most excellent musical journal, *The Lyre*.

Edwin (wounded). I believe you are laughing at me! You are making excuses because you do not wish to save me from despair! Angelina (seriously). You wrong me! And to show you that I do not deserve your reproaches, I will give you a fixture. What are you doing on Thursday fortnight?

Edwin. Nothing. But if you keep me longer in suspense, I will not answer for the consequences.

Angelina (smiling). Foolish fellow! But you shall have my answer then. We are going to a function appropriate to the occasion—the Festival of the Melancholy Monomaniacs. But see, we are separated.

[Enter ANGELINA'S People, and Curtain.

SORTS SHAKESPEARIANÆ AGAIN.

"PARTING is such sweet sorrow!"—This forebodes BULL'S sorrow at the Parting of the RHODES!

IDEA OF SHAREHOLDERS IN COMPANY STARTING TO RENOVATE BICYCLE TIRES.—That they will re-fire with a fortune.

SITE FOR HOME FOR UNMUZZLED DOGS.—Muzzle (i.e. Muswell) Hill.

AN "EXPLOSIVE" CABINET.—The Melinite Ministry.



'A MOTHER OF THREE.'

[* Unless prevented by unforeseen circumstances, Mr. BALFOUR will take the Agricultural Relief Bill, the Education Bill, and the Irish Land Bill, in succession. It is hoped that all three measures may be read a second time before Whitsuntide."—Daily Paper.]

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

TOM HOOD AS A POET.

THERE has lately been issued a new edition of the poems of THOMAS HOOD, and here and there a reviewer has thought it worth his while to devote a cursory line to the revived memory of the dead poet. Some of these notices were sympathetic; some hinted that HOOD's fame, such as it was, rested rather on his skits, his word-contortions, and his playful fooling, than on his serious efforts; and one went so far as to quote a beautiful verse from the "The Haunted House," with the surprising comment that "this sounds strange at the present day." Very few, however, seemed to think that the compilers of his poems (my edition bears date 1857) were justified in the belief, which they expressed in their short and touching preface, "that in any future recital of the names of writers who have contributed to the stock of genuine English poetry, THOMAS HOOD will find honourable mention."

BUT surely the belief is justified. No man, it was said of GRAY, ever passed over to the immortals with a smaller bundle under his arm. HOOD's bundle is almost as small as GRAY's, but, such as it is, it has passed him through into the green fields and happy regions just as surely as if he had staggered in with a huge load upon his shoulders. He has thought and feeling, he has music, he has time's great antiseptic style; there is in his verse the sense of tears in mortal things, there is elevation, there is a deep and sincere piety, and there is the refinement which goes hand-in-hand with power and insight. Where shall you find a better equipment for an immortal?

To write indifferent sonnets is as easy as throwing pebbles into the sea; to write good sonnets is a tremendous task, and few are those who have performed it, and have been able to fix a shining truth or a genuine emotion in a perfect setting of fourteen musical lines. HOOD's efforts in this direction were all good, and two of them are, to my mind, supreme. Take, for example, this sonnet on Death:—

It is not death, that sometime in a sigh
This eloquent breath shall take its speechless flight;
That sometime these bright stars, that now reply
In Sunlight to the Sun, shall set in night;
That this warm conscious flesh shall perish quite,
And all life's ruddy springs forget to flow;
That thoughts shall cease, and the immortal spright
Be lapp'd in alien clay and laid below;
It is not death to know this, but to know
That pious thoughts, which visit at new graves
In tender pilgrimage, will cease to go
So duly and so oft,—and when grass waves
Over the past-away, there may be then
No resurrection in the minds of men.

AND here is my second example, a sonnet in the same sad vein of submission to fate and circumstance and obliterating forgetfulness:—

SILENCE.

There is a silence where hath been no sound,
There is a silence where no sound may be,
In the cold grave, under the deep, deep sea,
Or in wide desert where no life is found,
Which hath been mute, and still must sleep profound;
No voice is hush'd—no life treads silently,
But clouds and cloudy shadows wander free,
That never spoke over the idle ground:
But in green ruins, in the desolate walls
Of antique palaces, where Man hath been,
Though the dun fox, or wild hyena, call,
And owls that flit continually between
Shriek to the echo, and the low winds moan,
There the true Silence is self-conscious and alone.



Mother of Amateur Photographer. "WHAT AN IDIOTIC GUY YOU 'VE MADE YOUR PAPA LOOK!"
Amateur Photographer. "YES, MAMMA DEAR. BUT ISN'T IT LIKE HIM!"

This kind of thing, no doubt, "sounds strange at the present day," but its strangeness is due to the fact that our ears have grown unused to the sound of so pure a note, struck with so certain a hand. Truly it may be said of HOOD in the words of another of his own sonnets:—

Yet few there be who pipe so sweet and loud,
Their voices reach us through the lapse of space:
The noisy day is deafened by a crowd
Of undistinguished birds, a twittering race;
But only lark and nightingale forlorn
Fill up the silences of night and morn.

BUT read, also, "The Haunted House," which our poet critic found so strange. Is there in all poetry a finer example of mystery, of seriness, of midnight feeling in that troubled half-sleep, in which strange sounds strike upon the startled ear with a sense of portent, and the shadows grow and grow until they assume ghostly and terrific shapes.

Unhinged the iron gates half open hung,
Jarred by the gusty gales of many winters,
That from its crumbled pedestal had flung
One marble globe in splinters.

But awfully the truant shunned the ground,
The vagrant kept aloof and daring poacher;
In spite of gaps that through the fences round
Invited the encroacher.

For over all there hung a cloud of fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said as plain as whisper to the ear,
The place is Haunted.

But space fails me, and I must resume the consideration of HOOD's poems on another occasion.

BARREY HONOUR! INDEED!—"The SULTAN'S" honour (the Grand Cordon of the Medjidieh) for M. CAMBON, French Ambassador.

Here is a riddle it were hard to guess!
How can one give what he does not possess?

OUT OF DATE.

A DIALOGUE OF THE DEAD.

SCENE—A cobwebby corner in Time's Lumber Room. Leaning despondently against the wall is a tall pyramidal form covered with withered foliage, with a square aperture in the centre, through which a spectral face is dimly visible. On the shelf close by is seated a figure in a mask and a paper cocked-hat, somewhat carelessly dressed in other respects, and apparently lost in meditation, its head sunk on its breast and its legs limply dangling.

The Pyramid (to itself). Shall I speak to him or not? He's not quite the sort of person I should care to be intimate with. But, after all, we've both been here some years now, and a civil remark doesn't commit one to anything. (*Aloud.*) Ahem! Could you tell me what month this is, Sir? Extraordinary thing, but I've quite forgotten.

The Mask. Eh? What month? Why, let me see—one loses count here, but I fancy we're getting near November.

The Pyramid (disappointed). November! Surely you mean May? I—I've a motive in asking, because I—well, I've some idea of getting a company together on the First, to go on tour with me in my celebrated character of "Jack in the Green, or the Tree Spirit." I don't know if you're in the profession yourself, by the way?

The Mask. Is it possible that you have never heard of my famous impersonation of "GUIDO FAWKEE" in "the Gunpowder Plot" that shall never be forgot? I am immense in it, my boy, immense! Time was when I drove my own donkey-barrow, though even in a kitchen chair, with the bottom out, there was a fire about my rendering of the part that—But I dare-say you've seen me.

The Pyramid. I—I go out so little now. I'm afraid I've never had the advantage of seeing you. When do you—er—give your performance?

The Mask. You must be more verdant than you look, dear boy, or you would be aware that I make my annual reappearance every Fifth of November—by particular desire, Sir, by particular desire. I rather think I've some press-cuttings about me now which—Ha, this seems like it. No, I'm wrong. It's only a shaving.

The Pyramid. Ah! May is my month—the First. But you'll excuse me, I'm sure. We must have been here for several years, and you haven't stirred from that shelf.

The Mask (with dignity). I have been resting, dear boy, resting. And, by the way, you don't seem to have been running your show—what do you call it? "Jack up a Tree, or the Green Spirit"—lately, if it comes to that.

The Pyramid (with some confusion). I've been—er—resting, too. And then, you see, a part like Jack in the Green—well, you must be properly supported, or the thing won't go. I can't go on the road without a dancing lord in knee-breeches, and a leading lady with a brass ladle, a clown for the comic relief, and a band and so on, and I don't know where I'm to get them! People seem to have left off caring to symbolise the revival of vegetation and the birth of Spring somehow. I doubt if there's a chimney-sweep left with any real poetry in him!

The Mask. I find the same in my line, Sir. The ignorance of the Public on the leading event in the history of our country is something deplorable. It is all owing to those confounded Board Schools, Sir.

Why, if you'll believe me, the last time I appeared in public (which, between ourselves, is more years ago than I care to mention), I wasn't recognised, Sir, nobody knew who I was! They took me for some pinchbeck politician—I always hated Parliament—or the Sultan of Turkey, or a low murderer, I'm hanged if I know whom they didn't take me for! It annoyed me so much that I made up my mind to retire. I often think now I was too hasty, and I don't say that if they were to come and offer me a starring engagement on my own terms, give me my fill of fireworks, a new rig out from top to toe—I've always been rather a stickler for accuracy in costume—one of these automotor cars to take me round, and an escort of Horse Guards, I don't say I mightn't think twice before I said no. But there, I'm not sure; I never was fond of publicity, and being stared at and shouted after, and then, the late hours, and the heat and the glare—

I really don't know if I should feel up to facing it all again.

The Pyramid. I hear the Socialists are getting up a May Day Demonstration, or something. If they were to ask me to join, I might. That is, if I don't hear from the chimney-sweeps first. It must be near the end of April. My twigs are shooting, as they always do in Spring.

The Mask. Spring! You mean Autumn. I can't be mistaken; I feel it in every quib in my body.

Here TIME enters, carrying an armful of miscellaneous litter; problem plays, sex novels, reminiscences, &c., which he shoots unceremoniously upon the floor.

The Pyramid. I say it's Spring. But look her—let's ask him; he ought to know.

The Mask. All right; ask him, then.

The Pyramid. No; I'd rather you did.

The Mask. You're the oldest—go on. He hasn't got his scythe.

The Pyramid. I—I beg your pardon, Mr. TIME, but could you oblige us with the exact date?

Time. Wednesday, May the Thirteenth. Why, what do you want to know for?

The Pyramid. The Thirteenth! Then May Day is over! It's of no consequence. I only thought—I-I rather expected—I suppose there have been no inquiries for me?

The Mask. Or for me? Nothing—er—settled about the Fifth? November will be

on us soon now, you know, and I like to be beforehand, dear boy—I should say Mr. TIME. Always like to make my arrangements beforehand.

Time (not unkindly). I haven't heard of any inquiries for either of you at present. And, if you'll take my advice, you won't bother yourselves about dates and anniversaries up here; you're out of all that now, you know.

[*He leaves the Lumber Room.*]

The Pyramid. After all, it generally used to rain on the First. Just as well I didn't go, perhaps.

The Mask. If there's any fog on the Fifth, I'd just as soon stay at home. In fact, I'm not sure I shall venture out in any case. What are you snivelling about inside there?

The Pyramid. I'm not snivelling—any more than you are. And you may say what you like, but it's not pleasant to feel we're forgotten.

The Mask. We're not forgotten. It's a plot, Sir, a deliberate underhand conspiracy to keep the Public in ignorance of our existence. Now if there's one thing I despise and abominate, it's a plot! But I'll unmask 'em, Sir, I—I'll—

[*He explodes with wrath as scene closes in.*]

A VERY DAMPING DIPLOMATIST.—SIR JACOBUS DE WET.

COMMON OR GARDEN RHYMES.

III.—THE FALLEN ASH.

WHEN the summer breeze goes
whispering by,
When the wintry tempests crash,
Be it mine to light on so fair a
sight
As the grey-stemmed mighty
ash!

As I loll in my hammock I banish
care,
I forget the want of cash,
And naught I lack, as I lie right
back
And gaze on the mighty ash.

Far down in the valley the sphyres
play
O'er the leafy woodland plash,
Yet I may not see any woodland
tree
To compare with the mighty ash.

More fragrant than lime, more
straight than fir—
I make no assertion rash;
I have watched it grow, so I ought
to know
The points of the mighty ash.

But all in a moment the Fates
conspire
Man's dearest hopes to dash;
You may scarce look round, when
along the ground
Low lies the mighty ash!

It is not the hurricane's tearing
blast,
Nor the deadly lightning
flash,
But an ill-timed jar to a good
cigar
That fells the mighty ash!

PLEASURES FOR PRISONERS.

"IN order to carry out certain recommendations of the recent Committee on Prisons, the directors of convict prisons have decided that lectures on scientific and interesting subjects shall be periodically given." Such is the announcement in the Press. *Mr. Punch*, always ready to assist in furthering the wishes of the Public, begs to set an examination paper that may be answered by the criminals to whom the first series of studies will be addressed. He assumes that the lecturer will select topics appropriate to the tastes of his hearers.



1. Give a short account of any two of the following heroes of romance. *Jack Sheppard, Claude Duval, the Marchioness de Brinvilliers, Colonel Blood, Richard Turpin, and "Three-fingered Jack."*

2. Supposing that you wished to enter a dwelling-house when all the occupants were fast asleep and all the doors and windows were securely closed, what scientific method would you adopt?

3. What is a "jemmy"? Explain its use.

4. Was Jack Ketch a real person, or only a type or a myth?

5. Write all you know of *Jonathan Wild, Blueskin, Bill Sykes, and Titus Oates.*

6. In what novels (giving the names of their authors) do the following characters figure. *Paul Clifford, "the Artful Dodger,"*

Berry Lyndon, and Fagin?

7. Give a description of the costumes worn during the last three hundred years in Her Majesty's gaols.

8. Why are the police called "coppers"? When did they change their "toppers" for a helmet? What had the first Sir ROBERT PEEL to do with the force?

9. What are the advantages and disadvantages of a ticket-of-leave, a pair of handcuffs, and an alibi?

10. Describe Portland, Portsmouth, Dartmoor, and Holloway.

11. Write out the menu of the regulation dinner of a first-class misdemeanant, a felon undergoing penal servitude in his third year, and a person sentenced to seven days' imprisonment with hard labour.

12. Supposing (as most probably will be the case) that football and cricket are soon permitted in prisons "to relieve the monotony of the life of convicts undergoing long sentences" (see Committee on Prisons' Report), how will you, when the happy time arrives, pit establishment against establishment? For instance, should an eleven from Newgate meet the First Sixteen from Springfield Gaol, Chelmsford? If not, why not?

13. How should a prisoner desiring speedy release comport himself in the presence of the governor, the head gaoler, and the chaplain?

14. Give an amusing description of "skilly," "three months' hard," and "the crank."

15. What is meant by "the march of civilisation"? Show how civilisation has paid less attention to the pauper than the thief.

16. When the lecturer asked you at the close of his paper to "kindly testify your satisfaction in the customary manner," did you regret the absence of brikkbats?

17. Do you think the "scientific and interesting" series to which you have just listened has "raised your moral tone," or do you consider it "all tommy rot"?

THE LONDON RATEPAYER'S VADE MECUM.

Question. Can you define rates?

Answer. A good citizen may call them "proper expenditure," a man of business "unnecessary evils." They are considered by many a means whereby the aristocratic renter of a mansion is made to sink below the financial level of an artisan residing in lodgings.

Q. By whom are rates controlled?

A. By the Vestry, with the assistance of the School Board and the County Council.

Q. Does an average London ratepayer belong to any or all of these bodies?

A. No, he does not, as the expense of entering the two last is not compensated by the prestige secured by admission, and the idea of posturing in the first is considered preposterous.

Q. And yet, does not the comfort of the average London ratepayer depend upon the Vestry?

A. Undoubtedly; but for all that, he refuses to sit in it.

Q. Why does the average London ratepayer pursue this apparently suicidal course?

A. Because he is under the impression that, even were he elected, he would be outvoted in the Council Chamber and the Committee room.

Q. Is this impression justified by facts?

A. To a large extent; as, taking the average London ratepayer as a professional man, who pays on a ratage of £100 a year and upwards, such a man's vote, if recorded, would be swamped in the votes of the scores of husbands of small lodging-house keepers.

Q. What has been the result of this strange apathy?

A. That the rates of the metropolis have risen during the last few years by leaps and bounds.

Q. But has not this increase been accompanied by proportional improvement?

A. A few streets have been widened, and a number of children have acquired an educational standard unsuitable to their station.

Q. Has not the widening of the streets been the feat of the County Council?

A. It has, and the performance has been accompanied by the muleting of the ratepayers to an extent entirely unknown to the London Board of Works.

Q. But is not the London County Council an improvement upon the much abused and rightly obsolete body to which you have just referred?

A. It is not so considered by the clearest-headed of Londoners.

Q. Surely the London County Council has high ideals?

A. The loftiest. But, fortunately for Londoners, those ideals are restrained by the sobering influence of a matter-of-fact Parliament.

Q. With the London County Council in power, is it not probable that some day the streets of the metropolis may be paved with gold?

A. Such a scheme would, no doubt, obtain the hearty support of an influential section of that autocratic body.

Q. And how would the plan be carried into effect?

A. Like every other "improvement," at the expense of the ratepayers.

Q. Then, under all the circumstances of the case, what advice would you tender to the London householder?

A. To give up his residence in town, and live in the country.

Q. And why would you tender this counsel?

A. That he might avoid the rates, and thus escape bankruptcy.

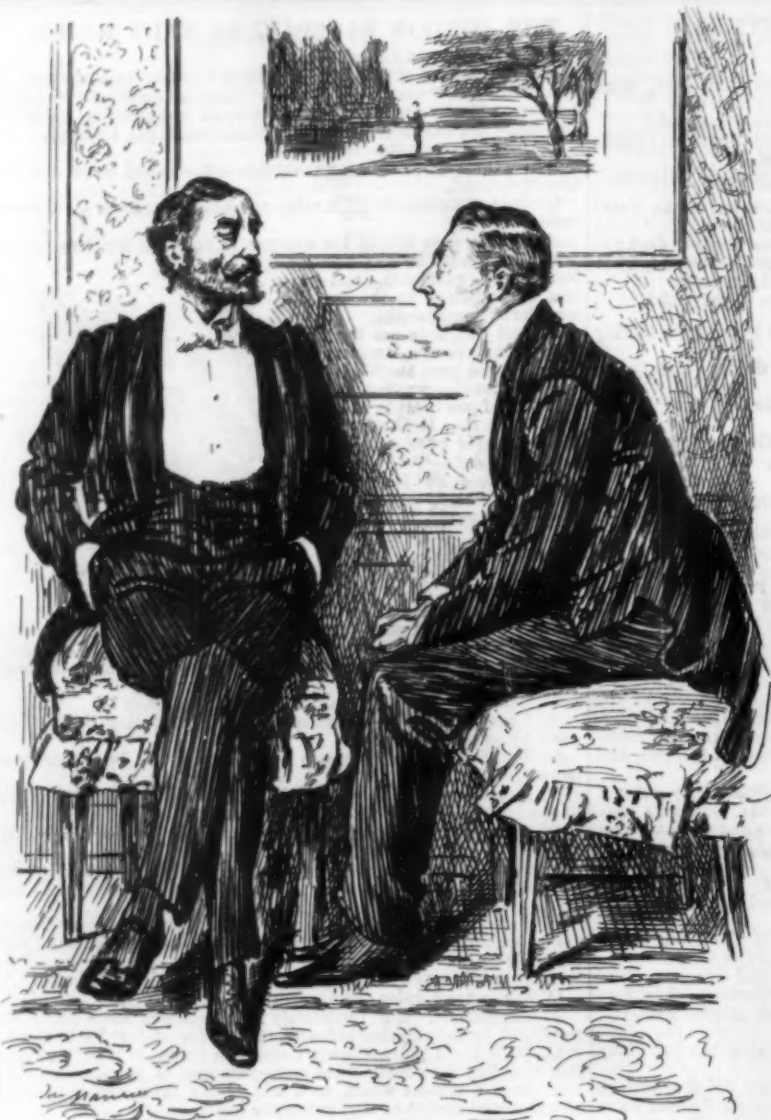
Noble Six Hundred!

Or, Wisdom Between Wickets.

TIME'S a mere mental figment, sages say,
That sounds a paradoxical position;
But half-a-dozen "centuries" in one day,
Seems evidence for the metaphysician.
So if they'd pierce the psychologic thickset,
Philosophers had better study Cricket!

FISHING INTELLIGENCE.—"Crab" catching is now in full swing on the Thames. Between Hampton Court and Teddington Lock on Sunday afternoons the sport was never brisker.

REAL "FELT WANT."—A hat of felt that does not make a man look either a "boulder" or a "buffer."



TOO MUCH CULTURE.

Simpkinson (an enthusiast about the old Italian Masters). "BY THE WAY, SIR ROBERT, DID YOU EVER SEE CHIARO OSCURO'S MASTER-PIECE, THE JUDGMENT OF SOLOMON?"
Royal Academician. "I THINK NOT. ARE YOU QUITE SURE ABOUT THE PAINTER'S NAME?"
Simpkinson. "OH YES, I SAW THE PICTURE AT CHRISTIE'S, YOU KNOW. IT WAS DESCRIBED IN THE CATALOGUE AS 'THE JUDGMENT OF SOLOMON, A SPLENDID EXAMPLE OF CHIARO OSCURO'!"

DUTCH-RUM-MUN LAW.

(By Telegraph from our Special Correspondent.)

Pretoria, May 9, 1896.
 "THIS morning three of the leading citizens of Johannesburg, Messrs. JOHN BROWN, DAVID JONES, and DONALD ROBINSON, were found guilty of *lèse-majesté* towards President P.-L. OLIVER CHOMWELL KR-G-R, and sentenced to death. Great excitement prevails, and a petition, signed by all the Uitlanders, has been sent to the G-r-m-n Emp-r-r, praying him to intercede for the condemned men."

Pretoria, May 11, 1896.

"There is a general belief that BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON will escape capital punishment, but be condemned to fourteen years' imprisonment in lager, and confiscation of all their property."

Pretoria, May 12, 1896.

"The British Colonial Secretary has telegraphed to President P. O. C. KR-G-R, imploring him to spare the lives of BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON, offering ample indemnity. The President is considering the situation, and has drawn extensively on his coffee allowance. The prisoners are allowed to see

their friends at the rate of £5 a minute during each interview."

Pretoria, May 13, 1896.

"To-day President P.-L. OLIVER CHOMWELL KR-G-R gave his decision *re* Messrs. BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON. Each of the condemned men was fined a dollar, but I believe I am correct in saying that the private indemnity amounts to £30,000. There was great rejoicing among the Uitlanders when the result became known, and the President's clemency is universally extolled. The Colonial Secretary immediately cabled his gratitude, and the Grand Cordon of the Victorian Order to the President. The G-r-m-n Emp-r-r has also sent his congratulations, and is forwarding his own thesis of Dutch-Roman law to the High Court of Pretoria. The High Commissioner has despatched autograph apologies for the conduct of BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON, and the incident is considered closed."

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A POOR WALKER TO A LADY WHO DRIVES A COACH.

I NEVER could quite understand
 The pleasure of a four-in-hand
 Until I saw you leave the "Grand,"
 A fearless, peerless driver.
 You gathered up your reins with skill,
 You curled your whip with such a will,
 You left the traffic "standing still,"
 And took the road to Iver.

I hailed a hansom then and there,
 And followed you across the square;
 You made St. James's gape and stare,
 And also Piccadilly.
 The 'bus men, most obliging crew,
 Sheered off whene'er you came in view;
 The railway vans gave way to you,
 The cabbies "willy-nilly."

And yet my "London Gondolier"
 Had great duress your course to steer,
 And brought us perilously near
 A case for compensation.
 And all the while you seem'd to be
 Exulting in your passage free,
 I saw your shoulders shake with glee,
 And envied your elation.

St. Mary Abbott's! Now your "load"
 Goes northward to the Uxbridge Road;
 And surely urged by cowboy's goad
 Your team could not go faster!
 Always the same politeness shown
 By charioteers—your sway they own,
 And leave the path for you alone,
 Your drag their "Yellow Aster."

But oh! there comes that horrid hill!
 Your horses break—my senses thrill!
 I feel that there must be a spill,
 And seem to scent disaster!—
 A careless cyclist caused the smash.
 How could he dare such running rash?
 Here's brandy! Come now, rip a dash!
 And here's some sticking-plaster!

MISNAMED.—There is a town in Kansas where a "lady mayor" is assisted by "lady councillors," a "lady city clerk," and a "lady judge." The name of this Adamless Eden is, however, Gaylord. Surely, as ARTEMUS WARD would have said, "A guak is here intended."

APPROPRIATE, AT THE BOOKSELLERS' DINNER.—"The toast of 'The Trade' was acknowledged by Mr. BUMPUS." Of course "Bumpers round!"



“THE PITY OF IT!”

OTHELLO (*South Africa*). “CASSIO, I LOVE THEE; BUT NEVER MORE BE OFFICER OF MINE.”

Othello, Act II., Scene 3.

[“Mr. RHODES has no longer any power of assailing or menacing the Transvaal. The military authority in the company's territory is in the hands of Sir RICHARD MARTIN. The administration is in the hands of Lord GREY.”—*Times*, May 9, 1896.]



THE LATE CHIEF



PESSIMISM.

Artist (irritated by the preliminaries of composition and the too close proximity of an uninteresting native). "I THINK YOU NEEDN'T WAIT ANY LONGER. THERE'S REALLY NOTHING TO LOOK AT JUST NOW."

Native. "AY, AN' I DOOT THERE 'LL NEVER BE MUCKLE TO LOOK AT THERE!"

TOMMY HARTFUL ON HAPPY EVENINGS.

"Some people rather favoured the goody-goody sort of philanthropy, which aimed at giving a child a bun, making it sing a hymn, and sending it to bed. The work for which they pleaded was not that of a bun-and-hymn society."—*Mr. Herbert Gladstone at the Annual Meeting of the Children's Happy Evening Association.*

I AM only a kid wot must do as I'm bid, as the spellin' book sez, or 'tis wuss for me;
But I do know *this*, goody-goody is dull!
Some as plays up the parson and nuss for me
Means well, I've no doubt, but lor! when yer can't shout, nor yet clomp yer poor feet, nor yet scuffle,
It gives yer the stitch, mykes yer feel quibsy snitch, and the little 'uns sets on the snuffle.
Yer see we've got legs, and not old timber pegs, like the sailor-man down in our alley.
And legs, when they're live 'uns on kiddies, yer see, ain't a mite like the post of Aunt Sally.
They will not keep still, and it mykes yer feel ill when yer knows as yer've got to arrange 'em

Like bricks in a box. Wy, I've wore out my socks many times wiv the longing to change 'em.

But this Mister GLADSTING 'e seems for to know more erbout hui poor kiddies than some on 'em.

Some thinks we 'ain't 'appy unless our 'air's iled and brushed up to the nines. Ain't it rum on 'em?

I likes mine best towaley, I tell yer. Yer strite away, up-an'-down style ain't my motter.

Yer don't want no brushing to play at Hop-Scotch or at Please ter remember the Grotter.

Play! That's where this 'ere Mister HERBERT 'as 'it it in once. 'Appy Evenings is proper,

If they don't mean school outer school, dont-cher see. But they did ought to put a cop-stopper

On myking belief as its larks when its lessons! I do call that 'umbuggin' hartful;

And if they emagine they diddle us kiddies in *that* ways, they're hout—by a cart-full. We dunno a deal, but we're fly, I can tell yer, espeshul to jam as 'ides jollop.

We're all Tommy Hartfuls in that; you earn't do *hys* wiv sugared pills, not by a dollup!

The projam of these 'Appy Evenings, they sy, is amusement, and that "pure and simple."

No teaching—'cept 'ow to ermuse ourselves! Ah! you may wyger St. Paul's to a pimple That's on the right lay. Wherefore bully for HERBERT, and likewise for Lord LON-

DONDERHY,

And them proper sorts, Lydies JERSEY and JEUNE! A march-round, all so scramp-tious and merry,

"Begun the proceedings," as penny-gaff touts put it. Piekter books, paints, scales and weightses

For playing at shop! Ah! I tell yer it's better than stooping for hours over slateses,

Though *that* 's all serene in its wy, I serpose, as yer earn't get on fur wivout larning,

Not these times, yer earn't, and I'll 'ave ter brush up at the Board School afore I goes arning,

Leastways Muvver sez so, and she's mostly right. I 'ave got to larn figgers and spellin'.

And do a fair "Standard" afore I turn ten year, and *then*, Muvver sez, there's no tellin'.

'Ow 'igh I may rise. Be a GLADSTING myself or a BALFOUR, she sez, if I'm stiddy.

Heigho! I must sy Mister HERBERT 's my mark, 'cos 'e hunderstands hui. So I'm ready

To 'ave a fair shy at it—arter a bit. But oh! study 's a grind and no horror,

And grammar or 'rithmetick, when you've grubbed short or got 'eadache, 's a fair oly terror.

But playing at "Snap," "'Appy Family," "Shop,"—when you've 'ad a long rest and good stuffin',—

At these 'Appy Evenings, is prime, and there's larks in a cooco-nut cookshy for nuffin!

They took hui to Osterley Park this last summer, three 'undered on hui! It's a mercy For kiddies like hui as there's gents like that GLADSTING, and swells like that kyind Lydy JERSEY.

The "bun-hymn-and-bed" bizness, thanks be! is done. Oh! it's dull, I can tell yer, and duffin'.

To sit on a form, like tired 'ens on a roost, and i jest go in for psalm-toons and stuffin'

'Ard buns, jest like 'aportha o' stale, and washed down wiv wot GLADSTING called weak goody-goody,

As coffee-shop cat-lap is gunpowder tea to. Ah! well, t' be bumpus and broody,

My Muvver sez, isn't becoming the poor. But if on'y topsawyers and teachers

Jest knowed wot a cuss *Dulness* is to the poor, the philantripsists mightn't turn preachers

Too much of the book-bun-and-bed sort o' gospel, but, like that O.K. kind o' chappy, H. GLADSTING, M.P., would try *just* for to see kids at least knowed the meaning of "'Appy"!

The "Unholy Alliance."

(*New Scholastic Nursery Rhyme, by the "Bird of Passage."*)

"Here was an awful example—Mr. LUVLUPH STANLEY lying down with Mr. DIGGLE, and the two consulting how far they might go in condemnation of the Bill."—*Mr. Athelstan Riley, on the New Education Bill.*

HEY! DIGGLE! DIGGLE!

What? You on the wriggle?

With STANLEY (Progressive) in tune?

How the Rad dogs will laugh

To see this sport,—

DIGGLE (Rad-)dished and playing the spoon!



Irishman (whose mate has just fallen overboard with the bucket while scrubbing decks). "PLAZE, CAPTIN, DO YE REMEMBER THAT SCOTCHIE YE TOK ABOARD THE SAME TOIME AS YE DID ME? I WANE HIM WOT HAD THE LOT O' GOOD CHARACTER PAPERS, AN' ME THAT NIVER HAD A BLISSID WAN!" Captain. "WELL!" Irishman. "WELL—HE'S OFF WID YER PAIR!"

REVERIES AT LORD'S.

By an Elderly Enthusiast.

MEN welcome the Season for many a reason,
For fashion and folly, for love and for larks;
But not as R. A. time do I greet the Maytime,
With eye to St. Stephen's, the Play, or the Parks.
No, when the May cometh, and Babylon hummeth,
A rosier rapture the Season affords
To him who with pleasure, in light-hearted leisure,
Enjoys the delights of the first match at Lord's.

The footballing frenzy is over. What men see
In kicking a ball is a marvel to me.
In fields bare and boggy, all muddy and foggy,
To fight for the sphere is a fun I can't see.
But oh! in fine weather the whizz of the leather
Clean banged from the bat is a joy beyond words;
And STODDART'S first sixer is just an elixir,
There's no pick-me-up like the first match at Lord's.

It's well worth a million to see the Pavilion
Warm flushing once more with the faces one knows;
White veterans jolly, who handle a broily
As though 'twere a bat, and the scoring ran close.
That paunchy old fellow could once wield the willow
Like FELIX or MYNN. Still it draws him like cords,
That first shout of "Over!" and he is in clover
When thus settling down to the first match at Lord's.

Eh? Old 'uns? Lord bless us! that grim shirt of
Nessus
We throw off as soon as the wickets are pitched;
The first sight of flannels warms blood in its channels,
The eye brightens up, and the bosom's bewitched.
Take Lancashire's HORNBY! Is he held in scorn by
Good judges for what *Edgar Rerum* records?
His grip as firm-fixed is as when in the Sixties,
Or thereabouts, he fought his first match at Lord's.

Oh, sweet the cool whiff of the turf, the first sniff of
The fresh London lilac! There's no need to-day
Of saw-dust or "sweater." It couldn't be better.
Gad! Look at the Doctor! How's that for leg-play.
By Jove! he swiped *that* well! Gad! Beaten by ATTEWELL!
Hoped GRACE was well set, for great joy it affords
The "ring," widely smiling, to watch him up-piling
One "century" more in his first match at Lord's!

All wished he might do it. Sheer vinegar-crust
Must be he, who won't wish our Doctor good luck.
"He can't have a season like last," croakers reason;
But lord! whilst he keeps up his form and his pluck,
Though hard upon fifty, still stalwart and shifty,
Leviathan's play a fair prospect affords
Of splendid surprises at cricketing crises,
Long be it 'ere GRACE sees his last match at Lord's!

Young HEARNE seems a ripper, and so thinks "The Skipper,"
And STORER to-day makes the bowlers sit up.
DE TRAFFORD's a stunner as smiter or runner!
An elegant mixture of DEERFOOT and KRUPP
We want at a wicket, and then we get Cricket!
I don't like your blendings of blocks and deal board.
No! keep the game spinning, and—losing or winning—
You're sure to find fun in your first match at Lord's.

Phuegh! Now for my dinner! As I am a sinner
I've felt all the day like a frolicsome boy.
Good old 'uns still prizing I watch the uprising
Of promising "colts" with a cricketer's joy.
Hooray for King Willow! When seeking my pillow
I log no "lost day"; and dim dream-world affords
Renewal of pleasure. While health lasts, and leisure,
I'll not miss the joys of the first match at Lord's.

LATEST FROM MATABELE LAND.—"All the ostriches made tracks
when they saw Colonel PLUMER."

CROSS QUESTIONS:

Or, the Doom of the Yale-ow-backs.
 ("The course of lectures on living English novelists at Yale is to be discontinued."—*American Paper*.)

We believe, however, that the following Examination Paper is likely to be set to all students of the course:—

1. Explain "the nail-yard school of fiction." How many Scotch ex-Ministers do you consider are requisite in order to make one good English novelist?

2. Which do you think the greater master of style—GEORGE MEREDITH or MARK TWAIN? What reason have you for supposing that the title of Mr. HARDY's last novel was originally intended to be *George the Obscure*?

3. "Sir WALTER SCOTT was only an inferior STANLEY WEYMAN, and *My Lady Rothera* has gone one better than *Ivanhoe*." Examine this statement.

4. At what date in the twentieth century do you anticipate that the authoress of *Robert Elsmere* will have got through the stock of immediately available "burning questions"?

5. Write down in his own language, and as far as possible with due regard to propriety, what Dr. JOHNSON would probably have said with regard to (a) OUIDA, (b) SARAH GRAND, (c) the Authoress of *The Yellow Aster*.

6. Trace the following sentences to their sources:—(a) "Her mobile peony mouth." (b) "The horizon beyond these calcareous escarpments was of a deep ultramarine." (c) "Then a strange thing happened." (d) "I'm sair dijsaket wi' the rheuma."



A COMPROMISE AND A COMPENSATION.

"LOOK HERE, MAGGIE. YOU SAY YOU WANT TO COME WITH ME TO PARIS MERELY TO ORDER SOME NEW BROOKS. WHY, YOU CAN GET EVERYTHING YOU REQUIRE IN BOND STREET."

"OH, THANKS, DEAREST! THAT'S ALL I WANTED!"

7. Do you agree with the boy's criticism, after reading *Treasure Island*, that "he wished there was Samoa of it"? If not, why not?

8. It has been said that "the decease of SHERLOCK HOLMES is the greatest blow struck at pure literature in the last half-century." Is there any exaggeration about the remark; and to what extent do you consider Brigadier GERARD a satisfactory substitute for S. H.?

DOG-GEREL ANENT A DRAMATIC J.P.

"[At Edware Sessions, Mr. W. S. GILBERT, J.P., was fined for having an unmuzzled dog at large.]"

To make the punishment fit the crime

Is the maxim of W. G.,
 So would not a muzzle upon his rhyme

A fitting penalty be?
 But brother "beaks" took a business line,
 And W. G. paid a practical fine.

THE proceedings at the Inverness Town Council were recently enlivened by a "tiff" that occurred between two of its orators—one a baker, the other a publican. The former having cast aspersions upon the Licensed Victualling profession, the publican, in "replying for the Bar," suggested that "the liquor business was conducted as respectably as that of the baker, and he did not see why any alar should be thrown upon their trade." Why, indeed? especially by a maker of loaves! For if bars were barred, the loafer's occupation would be gone, and there would be neither cakes nor ale.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 4.—"There's one thing I like about an Irishman," said the Member for SARK. "It is the fathomless resources of his power of contradiction. These are limited only by his ignorance of what you are going to say. And that doesn't much matter. If he doesn't have you one way he'll take you in another."

These reflections arose on incident connected with Stipendiary Magistrates (Ireland) Bill. ATTORNEY-GENERAL FOR IRELAND moved second reading. Irish Members on various benches jumped up with questions. Smack of old times about very title of Bill. ATTORNEY-GENERAL protested there was nothing in it. No change proposed in position, pay, or qualification of magistrates. "It is," he added, by way of clinching matter, "merely an alteration in the name."

Then JOHN DILLON saw his chance. Glancing round, he perceived JOHN REDMOND wasn't present. Had all the field to himself. Ireland should now see which was the true friend, the watchful warden on the tower.

"I must say, Mr. SPEAKER," said J. D., regarding with stern glance PRINCE ARTHUR in languishing mood on the Treasury Bench, "I have a preference for the old style of Resident Magistrate."

"I am glad to hear that," said PRINCE ARTHUR, blandly; "for the precise object of the Bill is to restore the title of Resident Magistrate."

It is here that pre-eminence of Irish Member in direction indicated by SARK was triumphantly vindicated. Any other community, abashed by this harmless blunder, would have withdrawn opposition and gratefully, if temporarily, retired into background. Not so the descendants of many klegs. Leader of party had specifically objected to Measure on ground that it destroyed the treasured name and associations of the Resident Magistrates. No, said PRINCE ARTHUR; exactly the reverse.

"Very well, then," said DALY (the *Daily Inquirer* of an earlier stage of the sitting), "I move that the Bill be read a second time this day six months." Then came angry debate, movement of the adjournment, the closure, division on the closure, division on the amendment, and final division, by which second reading was carried by 171 votes against 47.

Business done.—Budget Bill read second time.

Tuesday.—JOHN OF GORST in finest Manipur mood. Business in hand second reading of a Bill which even PRINCE ARTHUR admits to be complex and controversial. Others of blunter speech speak of it as revolutionising system of national education, breaking up pact of peace that has existed for quarter of century. Opposition Benches crowded; an angered muster, "breathing war from every nostril," as R. G. WEBSTER says. To them enter JOHN OF GORST with Education Bill in hand, casually waving it as if it were red flag and the crowd before him a herd of wild oxen.

Nothing milder than JOHN's manner, nor softer than his speech. Not once his voice uplifted above conversational tone; went ambling along, serenely assuming that everything might be taken for granted. Members opposite writhed on their seats, yelled contradiction, cut themselves with knives (this last in a Parliamentary sense, of course). JOHN OF GORST jogged placidly on, just as if he had been reading his speech to the boulders that form Stonehenge. Most often he (to quote R. G. WEBSTER again) "trod on the toes of the Nonconformist conscience." But now and then he, quite accidentally as it seemed, gave his political friends, his pastors and masters, a aly knock. Once he kicked out behind at PRINCE ARTHUR, DON JOSÉ and other Members of the Cabinet listening apprehensive. Some people, he observed, argued that all would be well if only the head of the department were called the Education Minister, with a seat in the Cabinet.

"I cannot for the life of me," he continued, "see how the Vice-President of the Council would be more wise or more powerful in educational matters by having his name changed, and being required to attend the meetings of the Cabinet Council."

There are nineteen Cabinet Ministers. There is only one Vice-President of the Council. Why should he be called upon to merge his identity in a composite, not to say commonplace body?

The MARKIES and assistant Cabinet-makers have, during last ten years, had the upper hand of JOHN OF GORST. Had he chance to have ranged himself on the Liberal side of politics, he would, SARK says, long ago been a Secretary of State, with Cabinet rank. Fighting under other colours, he has seen his claims, second to few either as brilliant Party debater or able administrator, passed over in favour of sons of dukes and cousins of earls. They are in the Cabinet, he outside. Almost his philosophic calm deserts him as he contemplates this ignorant suggestion about the Minister of Education having a seat in the Cabinet. The Vice-President of the Council might be ill advised, mistaken, for, after all, he is almost human. But at least let him be spared the companionship of the Cabinet.

Business done.—Second reading of Education Bill moved.

Thursday.—Another night with Education Bill. Some excellent speeches by men who know question *au fond*—DILKE, HART DYKE, SYDNEY BUXTON, and GEORGE TRAVELMAN. If these in succession talk to you for something like forty minutes apiece, telling you what they think about Education Bill, you may go home with consciousness that, though your head aches, you're pretty well up in subject. Also, there was ALFRED LYTTELTON making maiden speech, with some reminiscences of the oration prize he took at Cambridge. Got on very well till he came to talk about "the critics of the Bill." For a LYTTELTON, this an inevitable pitfall. ALFRED spoke of them as "the crickets." This nearly bowled him out.

"How's that, SPEAKER?" SARK whispered under his breath.

SPEAKER took no notice, and LYTTELTON carried out his bat, generously cheered by both sides as he walked up to the tent.

Just after midnight proceedings enlivened by outbreak of Civil War on Treasury Bench. Objection taken to scheme dealing with a charity at Donnington. Vice-President of Council supported it. There apparently end of matter. Ministerial majority, in absolutely impartial state of mind owing to perfect ignorance of the question, would be marshalled; scheme approved by overwhelming majority.

But SQUIRE OF BLANKNEY been looking into question. Come to conclusion that adoption of scheme would wrong the poor people of Donnington. "I object," he said, "to these people being improved off the face of the earth." Encouraged by this powerful advocacy, JERSEY COLLINGS also declared against scheme. JOHN OF GORST sat aghast. Hard enough for suggestion to be made that he should join the Cabinet. To have two colleagues in Ministry openly flouting him, joining the common enemy in disputing the fiat of Education Department, more than he could bear. So folded his arms and awaited result. This announced with figures of division showing scheme negatived by 92 votes against 80.

"Resign! Resign!" shouted the hilarious Opposition. JOHN OF GORST said he would think about it.

Business done.—Ministry beginning to crumble.

Friday night.—MARK LOCKWOOD has carried his point in Kitchen Committee. Long seen visions of Terrace decorated by presence of neat-handed PHYLLIS tripping here and there at tea-time. At present, in accordance with constitutional usages, we have, through the changing seasons, the black-coated waiter, smelling of shrimps, sluttish with crushed strawberries, damp with water-cress, the Colonel has changed all that. Hereafter a new charm will invest tea on the Terrace. Kitchen Committee hard to move on point; once convinced, surrendered altogether, not only agreed to invite SPEAKER'S approval of proposal but, that gained, unanimously left selection and engagement of the young ladies to Colonel MARK, to whom all applications (enclosing stamp for reply) should be directly made. *Business done.*—RHODES laid out; trampled on by SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, defended by DON JOSE.

LIVE AND LET LIVE.

(By a Sufferer from Street Shindy.)

"A very large deputation of the friends of street-music made their protest the other day against Mr. JACOBY'S Bill."

James Payn's "Our Note-Book."

To interfere with Music's means of living

To street-musicians may seem very trying;

But though we would be tolerant and forgiving,

What if their living sometimes means our dying?

Grinders, at whose cacophony nature cowers,

Your "means of living" interfere with ours

"Friends of Street-Music," we'd shun selfish fuss,

But—"what is sport to you is death to us."

NEW MOTTO FOR A MONEY-LENDER.—"I eat all, but POCKETT NONE."

INTO SPAIN.

(With a Conversation-Book.)

Cannes.—Read that the weather is dismal and cloudy in England. Shall stay in the sunny South a little longer. Cannes is a charming place. But might as well see something different. Where to go? Consult map. Good idea. Spain. Consult time-tables. Easiest thing in the world. Tarascon to Barcelona.



What is there to see in Barcelona? Nuts probably. Also Spanish manners and customs, dark eyes, fans, mantillas, and so forth. Shall certainly go, after a few days. Good idea to learn a few words of Spanish. Must be very easy. Italian and French mixed, with some Latin added. Amiable Frenchman in hotel supports this view. He says, sirily, "*Vous quittez Paris dans le 'sleeping,' vous achetez des journaux espagnols à Irun, et, arrivé à Madrid, vous parlez espagnol.*" Cannot hope to rival that linguistic feat, but may be able to learn a few phrases between Cannes and Barcelona. Buy a conversation-book in French and Spanish.

Port Bou.—Across the frontier. Custom-house station. Now is the time to begin Spanish. Have read some of that conversation-book on the way. Begin to doubt its utility. Usual sort of thing. "Has thy brother bought a boot-jack?" "I wish these six volumes of MOLIERE'S plays to be bound in half calf." And so forth. This one is the same, only in French.

Custom-house officer, in beautiful uniform and bright green gloves, very strict in his examination of my luggage. The green gloves travel all over my property, and bring out a small cardboard box. Triumphant expression on official's face. He has caught me. Open box, and show him it contains a few white ties. His face now shows only doubt and amazement. Cannot explain to him verbally. Evidently useless to mention the binding of MOLIERE'S plays. The green gloves beckon another custom-house officer, also wearing bright green gloves. Together they examine my harmless white ties. It seems to me the green gloved hands are held up in pious horror. Try them in French, in Italian, in English. No good. Should perhaps tip them in Spanish. But why waste *pesetas*? So refrain. They shake their heads still more suspiciously. The only thing remaining for me to do is to ask if the brother of one of them has bought a boot-jack. Does not seem very appropriate, but, if said politely, might imply that I wish to change the subject. Am just about to begin the note of interrogation upside down, which gives such an uncanny air to a Spanish question, when they cease looking at my ties, and I pass on.

Barcelona.—Shall have no difficulty here. Have been told that French is spoken everywhere. If not, then English or Italian. Everyone in the hotel speaks French. To the bank. Manager speaks English beautifully. Buy some cigarettes. Old woman in the shop speaks Italian. Shall get on capitally. Need not trouble to carry the conversation-book in my pocket.

In the evening to the opera. Walk out between the acts, seeing Spaniards also walking out, and enter a café. Order coffee. Waiter brings a huge glass of water, and a cup, filled to the brim with sugar, on which the *verseur* is about to pour my drink. Stop him. Explain in French that I take no sugar. The two, and another waiter, stand round me, with dazed faces. By Jove, they speak only Spanish! Wish I had the conversation-book. But should probably have found something like "*Nous ne voulons pas faire une excursion en mer, parce qu'il fait trop de vent,*" or "*Ces bottines sont un peu étroites, veuillez les élargir.*" No good trying talking. Turn out eight or ten lumps of sugar, and so get my coffee. Then return to the opera. Four polite officials at the entrance gaze wonderingly at the counterfoil of my ticket, which I concluded served for readmission, no pass ticket being offered. Ask each one, in turn, if he speaks French. He does not. Oh for the conversation-book! If only I could say "*Tous les tableaux dans le Salon Carré du Louvre sont des chefs-d'œuvre,*" or "*Est-ce que mademoiselle votre sœur joue du piano?*" I should have shown myself to be an individual with innocent and refined tastes, and not a socialist or a brigand. The second phrase would have been singularly appropriate in the opera house. Alas, I cannot! So address them in French, with bows and smiles. And they respond in Spanish, evidently with great courtesy, also with bows and smiles, and let me pass in, probably because they cannot make me understand that I ought to stop out. For the future I must carry that conversation-book everywhere.

AT LAST!—Mrs. AMELIA BARR states that "every woman is a born story-teller." Thus the cruel calumny cast for ages on all men is finally refuted by a lady, who is herself a bit of a fictionist.

LIFE'S RACE A BATTLE, NOT A VICTORY.

IN THE RACE OF THIS LIFE

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'



Is an imperative hygienic need, or necessary adjunct. It keeps the blood pure, prevents and cures fevers and acute inflammatory diseases, removes the injurious effects of stimulants, narcotics, such as alcohol, tobacco, tea and coffee, by natural means; thus restoring the nervous system to its normal condition by preventing the great danger of poisoned blood and over-cerebral activity, sleeplessness, irritability, worry, etc.

AT HOME: My Household God. ABROAD: My 'Vade Mecum.'

A GENERAL OFFICER, writing from Ascot on Jan. 2, 1886, says:—"Blessings on your 'FRUIT SALT'! I trust it is not profane to say so, but in common parlance I swear by it. Here stands the cherished bottle on the chimney-piece of my sanctum, my little idol, at home my household god, abroad my *vade mecum*. Think not this is the rhapsody of a hypochondriac; no, it is only the outpouring of a grateful heart. The fact is, I am, in common I dare say with numerous old fellows of my age (67), now and then troubled with a tiresome liver. No sooner, however, do I use your cheery remedy than exit Pain—'Richard is himself again.' So highly do I value your composition that, when taking it, I grudge even the little sediment that will always remain at the bottom of the glass. I give, therefore, the following advice to those wise persons who have learnt to appreciate its inestimable benefits—

"When ENO'S SALT betimes you take,
No waste of this elixir make,

But drain the dregs and lick the cup
Of this the perfect pick-me-up."

Writing again on Jan. 24, 1888, he adds—"Dear Sir,—A year or two ago I addressed you in grateful recognition of the never-failing virtues of your world-famed remedy. The same old man in the same strain now salutes you with the following—

"When Time, who steals our years away,
Shall steal our pleasures too,

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' will prove our stay,
And still our health renew."

DRAWING AN OVERDRAFT ON THE BANK OF LIFE.—Late hours, fagged, unnatural excitement, breathing impure air, too rich food, alcoholic drink, gouty, rheumatic, and other blood poisons, fevers, feverish colds, with high temperature and quick pulse, throat irritation, biliousness, sick headache, skin eruptions, pimples on the face, want of appetite, sourness of stomach, &c.—Use ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' It is pleasant, soothing, cooling, health-giving, refreshing, and invigorating. You cannot overstate its great value in keeping the blood pure and free from disease.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS—STERLING HONESTY OF PURPOSE. WITHOUT IT LIFE IS A SHAM!!!

"A new invention is brought before the public, and commands success. A score of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit."—ADAMS.

Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it, you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation.

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